

lumea and minai were hiking at times when mundu was out at the vulano and the lava fields

they were bringing home often the delicious native

psilocin mushrooms growing on the islands of awahi

one evening when the three had eaten each one piece, the two woman asked mundu if he wanted to leave his rational mind behind for some hours and embark on a dreamjourney

minai said enticingly... we want to find out what it would be like to live completely from this new fire we found thanks to your friends group work

no need for clothing and shelter and hurting plants to eat them... lumea... it seems to us that there might be a dreamworld what has it all ready existing, just waiting for the traveller in open psychadelia waters of the cosmos, waiting to be recognised by carbon based intelligence like us

when mundu answered... why not, as i have left the mono species realm behind becoming a fire human, i might as well now leave the urgency of being straight in the mind behind ... would be cool and hot and awesome if we could find out how our fire nature could be nourished without harming other creatures too much or best none at all...

minai ... let us just start dreaming then

she saying so because within her while still eyes open were pictures rising of the three dancing on a grass patch between rocks and breathing in the pollen of the flowers of awahi

lumea and mundu followed here to this maedow of flower air travelling dusts what for real did sustain their hunger of taste and flavour

their fires were glowing inside them at a lowest intensity, warming all body parts according to their actions and loads of body supporting tasks they performed

lumea was climbing on rocks to lick the lichen what live in symbiosis with microalgae

that too was finest smallest amount of high quality life information

as mundu and minai did lick the lichen too

mundu was very happy having found out the fire needing such minimal amounts of life spores

what could be harvested in a fun and gentle very minimally invasive manner

but it would require to live in an temperature zone of perhaps 20 to 30 degrees for the fire to glow at

low levels of consumption

he thinking this in his body lying on the floor of the simple hut he had built from fallen trees branches leaves and some clay and other earth materials

with luema and minai cuddling onto him at both his sides

in the inner imaginary dream travel they did to other places noticing their skins on their naked bodies were soaking up all fine materials what they got donated by plants when brushing along, they were seeing inside their dream bodies many perspectives what in the nodream real ity would hav e required microscopic eyesight... luema saying to the other twos, hey i just saw before my inner eye how my foot sole has picked up a birds poop i stood on, i will try to think visualise it again, you might be able to hear or sense the visuals as we are starting to build a group mind

and yes, it was possible with first minai seeing them before her inner eye followed with mundu who was quite baffled about it, that was just a notch too much spirit or esoteric abilities be come part of his sensual perception

but he enjoyed it like something of a most impregnating beatifull visual experience of his life

he wanted to wake up to write this all down

but then decided to do that within the dream

surely when he wrote it down dreamwise it would help him to remember some of it

he did not want this dream journey to stop now because of he wanted to see how

a world would like without any marks of digging mining burning cutting et ce tera

as minai and luema allready have lead in the dream it was now his turn to open up

a next curtain behind which he hoped would paint itself on the canvas of a wish

fuelled journey into imaginationairy lands

minai saw it second with luema following her sister in fire as the third member of the awahi dream explorers

if a only could describe what joy such a land has on it when looking upon it from a

hilltop.... it was all singing and pfeifen and humming vibrationg sounding in quite

volumes, with the sounds showing their travel paths in many coloured light mist jets

streams puffy dotted lines ... it was no absence to kill or take or fear or threat, it was

an emergent rise and fall and ascend and descende wave of doings actions good

wills hunting each other in benevolent upcycling beneficiality

kisses huggings embraces in waters airs and on grounds in treebranch spaces...

luema was singing to minai... we are here finally my beloved sister, it is the garden

again of no harm and full harmonies

mundu was soaking it all in, the smooth contours of the land with the nonexistence of violence in it

he knew it existed the possibility for humanity to terraform their own body as to be

less killing the environment but more caring for each other and fellow life species....

now he not only could think of it as a rational conclusion... we will be able to

overcome our killing habits if we really hold onto this goal and hold onto each other

as each and every life form and every individual body moving breathing

metabolising is a miracle made possible thanks to the one all encompassing

cosmos ... a round and full hail to all existance ... thank you for joyning the fiesta of

life

they travelled on and on, about four days they were in a trance like dream state,

moving their bodies after the first night sleeping on the huts floor, they did now

really climb the rocks and dance, occasionally drink some sweet freshwater from an

inland stream... just the fourth day they somehow were waken up from their dream

trough some aeroplane noises near where they hiked

mundu was at first a bit shocked to not be in his hut when both minai and luema

gently explained to him that they have been on several mushroom psychadelic

journeys before and it was not unusual to stay on the imaginary inner cosmic path

for days while moving ones body around in most habitual ways...

mundu asked luema... what do you think, have we emptied our bowels or has our

dream experience of being nourished by minute amounts of flower dusts and

lichen microalgae... changed our metabolism completely... when she answered... i

remember me seeing birds feces being soaked up by my feet in microscopic

vision... but i do not remember me giving some information processed materia l

contribution to our mamma aiaga gaia motherly planet earth...

minai... ah yes, we must draw that and send the drawings via the rasip place to the

net... shall we run back to the hut , who is up for some burning roaring firestorm in

our venes and arterias ?

with the three now sprinting playfully catching each other running down hills and the small existing paths towards the hut near the beach

as soon as they reached the hut, being exhausted from having not eaten since days and now all this running, they picked mangoes and very feeding each other in a mix of kissing each others lips cheeks and breastnipples... culminating in a full on ejaculating into each other half an hour after having eaten the mangoes... luema was licking mundus penis thouroughly while he tasted minai for a long time too... happy together they slept at the very same place they had started their mushroom journey 4 days ago